



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

WE ARE MOVED TO MURDER

Is it possible, we wonder, to impress some of Carmel motion picture theater-goers with the idea that those who sit in front of them are vastly more interested in what the screen says than what they do? Don't they know that it's contributing to the delinquency of adults to put the desire to kill into the human heart?

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

We are perhaps paying too high a compliment to those who claim they were bored by Ruth Draper Monday night when we express the thought that perhaps they confuse Miss Draper with the characters she portrayed. Ruth Draper wasn't on that stage. That's what makes her the greatest single dramatic artist in the world today. She doesn't appear at all.

**OUR ANSWER BUREAU BOGS
DOWN ON US THIS TIME**

We can answer some of the queries that come in over the telephone, but it surprises even us how many times we're ignominiously stumped. For instance, one of our most dismal failures came this week of a Monday. This was the question shot at us in a charming feminine voice through the telephone:

"What is the name of the man, a trustee of Vassar College or something, and a former editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, who was arrested about a year ago in Germany for running over a goose?"

NEGLECTED APPRECIATION

In a news story last week about tree planting we gave complete credit to the street department for the distribution of pines in the sidewalks in the business section. We also mentioned the two oaks on the Mission street side of the Carmel Theatre. We were remiss in not placing credit where it belongs in regard to those two oaks. We hasten so to do. Walt Pilot, whose consume-it-here food establishment is located in the theatre building, bought those oaks. They replace the one which once spread its too-scraggly arms near the corner of Mission and Ocean. It's a tremendously fine replacement. We are enthusiastically in favor of the two-to-one ratio in replacing trees. We congratulate Walt Pilot on his brand of mathematics.

**WE'RE ALL EXCITED ABOUT
THIS ARCHITECTURAL
CONTROL IDEA**

Here's something that gets us excited.

City Attorney Billy Hudson is looking up the possibility of the creation of a municipal board of architectural control.

He is doing it on instruction from the city council to which the thing was suggested by the funny little editor with the beard. The latter had had himself reminded of it by Allen Griffin who mentioned it in his talk before the Carmel Business Association Tuesday evening. We have referred to it before; in fact, it's been one of our pet ideas. It may not be possible to make the board's decision compulsory; it may have to exist principally as an advisory board, but there's every chance in the world that such a move would prevent the construction of hideous business buildings

(Continued on Page Two)

Lynda Sargent's 'Clanging Cymbals' in this Issue

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 12 • No. 8

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • FEBRUARY 23, 1940

FIVE CENTS

Ooh! Does Carmel Big Business Crack Down on Proposed New Zoning Law!

Virovai Tomorrow Night Should Prove Interesting Adventure, Lynda Believes, And Believes It Irresistibly

Program for Saturday Night's Concert

ROBERT VIROVAI, violinist

Wolfgang Rebner at the piano

La Folia

Corelli-Leonard

Prelude in E

J. S. Bach

(from Sixth Sonata for violin alone)

Violin Concerto in D Minor, Op. 31

Vieuxtemps

Intermission

Romance in G

Beethoven

Caprice in E flat

Wieniewski-Kreisler

(Alta Salterella)

Zephyr

Hubay

I Palpiti

Rossini-Paganini

Tomorrow night Robert Virovai comes to Carmel to play his fiddle under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society. He comes direct to Sunset Auditorium from another passably well-known theatre—Carnegie Hall in New York City. Around his young head he wears a brand new wreath of laurel leaves made of delectable words out of the mouths of the babes and sucklings who inhabit the New York Philharmonic Concert audiences and such miserable critics as Lawrence Gilman and Olin Downes. He will fill the interstices of the school hall here with sweet, sweet sound; and impart to his distinguished Carmel hearers idea and spirit and garment of peace. In the midst of the deaths that make up our present days, he will come costumed as life.

But Carmel, an honorable town, doesn't seem to care very much.

Well, I shall be odious. I shall remind you brusquely that the audience that saunters carelessly down the aisles of Carnegie Hall to hear a Toscanini read Beethoven crowds the doors for someone new; sits up straight in its seats and lends 'em its ears. Perhaps it is the really distinguishing characteristic of a cosmopolitan audience that it is forever on the gobble for something fresh, some utterance that tints the old voices with warm, bold and perhaps slightly damp colors.

Now a typically Music Society audience here in Carmel is a distinguished and discerning one. Would it perhaps be a little better if we stopped saying, "Well, I don't know him and so I don't like to spend my money . . ." and said more often, "I wonder . . . I wonder . . ."

Surely, here in this place we can sell standing room to what Lawrence Gilman calls (of Virovai's playing) "fire and beauty."

Three years ago when Nathan Milstein was first brought here by

the Society, not many in Carmel knew him. It had been my happiness to hear him when he was new in central Europe: I had then sat on the edge of a bench and wept and was rapt. So (in those of my first days with THE CYMBAL) I presumed to make note of this. But I was nobody and that first Milstein audience here (we must blush now) was thin and frigid. For a few minutes. At intermission, after that incredible Chaconne, there was not a reluctant ear in the hall and many an unreluctant tear. For his second appearance he was sold out far in advance.

Certainly we are not going to repeat that mistake. The technical excellence and beauty of Mr. Virovai's playing are incontrovertibly attested to. None of us can ignore or despise the universal laudation which this young man has inspired in the critics—testimony from the best of them that out of the thin bow of his fiddle emanates the stuff of genius, of happiness, of superlative violin-playing.

But how can I speak for that, never having heard him at all? No. I am only making a plea for an intelligent curiosity, for an eternally naive and irrepressible hope that whatever and whoever is new is going to be fun. In this spirit I myself shall go to the concert, gnawing away at my own crust of satiable curiosity and passionately believing that the alchemy of adventuring will convert that crust into thin slices of homemade bread-and-butter and wild sage honey.

—LYNDA SARGENT

R. J. GALE OPENS A NEW SERIES OF READINGS

R. J. Gale, popular lecturer at the Carmel Adult School, will open a new series of readings Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the library at Sunset School. The public is invited. There is no charge.

BUT CITY COUNCIL, IN BELIEF PLAN WILL BENEFIT CITY GENERALLY, PROPOSES TO SUBMIT IT TO VOTERS AT ELECTION APRIL 9

The city council took a terrific beating from Ocean avenue and Dolores street property owners on its proposed new zoning ordinance at its meeting Wednesday night, but it refuses to be counted out until the people of the city as a whole, not merely the business interests, are given the chance to take a crack at it.

After two hours of discussion, during which about ten voices, every other one of which was Bob Norton's, took turns at branding the so-called "insulation zone" plan a crazy idea, the council voted to let the people decide at the municipal election on April 9 whether it is crazy or not.

Community Church Presented With New Organ

Friends of Carmel Community Church have responded magnificently to supply every need of the completely re-built church to be officially opened Sunday, March 3.

A Hammond organ was sent down from Sherman, Clay in San Francisco by some benevolent angel. It has two units, the console and the tone cabinet. This week workmen were building an underground vault to hold the cabinet, and the sweet sounds of music will issue forth from two iron grilles at floor level. Sherman, Clay is sending down the organist for March 3, and the special program of music will be announced in next week's CYMBAL.

The beautiful green tiled roof, made of tiles which reproduce the texture and appearance of hand-split shakes, was made possible by the donations of friends of the church. Robert Stanton, the architect, has done a fine thing in designing this building, which conforms so graciously to the Carmel spirit, and the good fortune of acquiring the ancient hand-carved walnut panelling can also be attributed to his discriminating eye.

Don Blanding Has Departed Us

Don Blanding has shaken the saturated dust of Carmel from his shoes. He is leaving us flat. He has sold The Vagabond's House on El Camino Real to Bob Spencer and at a farewell party Wednesday afternoon and evening he distributed its contents, from Ah Joy to the condiment chest, as gifts to all his friends. He moves on, to other climes, talking hither and yon as he goes, spreading his irresistible charm. We find it in our faint heart to be sorry.

BUSINESS ASSOCIATION IS AGAINST MORE LIQUOR

No more liquor licenses in Carmel.

The Carmel Business Association so expressed itself at its meeting Tuesday night—expressed itself unanimously

GET YOUR TEETH INTO THIS ONE, BOBBIE

Hi-ya, Bobbie Norton, take a slant at this:

Following the meeting of the council Wednesday night, at which you did by far the preponderance of the talking, a group of most respectable citizens organized to battle for—not a buffer building zone, but a screen around the business section of the city. These people, and they like Carmel, too (perhaps with more imagination than you do), propose that 50 feet be taken in a strip from the present edge of the business section and a 50-foot strip or ribbon from the residential district which abuts it. This hundred feet, added to the street between, will make a 150-foot strip or ribbon—AND FROM THIS STRIP SHALL BE RAZED EVERY MANNER OF STRUCTURE WHATSOEVER. Then, with the ribbon or strip cleared of all unsightly man-made things, a center of it, 50 feet wide, shall be planted to trees, preferably big, thick-foliage ones.

See the point?
Start yelling.

in the future. It works in beautifully with our "Save Carmel" program.

WE'RE SORRY FOR THESE 18 CARMEL PERSONS

"Dear Ed: Take this and let me starve—but I starve happily."

Such was the note received this week and accompanying a dollar bill for renewal of a year's subscription to THE CYMBAL.

If only that sublime light could find its way into the souls of some 18 other delinquent subscribers who have failed to pay their subscriptions which ran out the first of this month. It cannot be said for them that we haven't endeavored to show them that light. We have sent them three precious copies to which they were not entitled and for which they had not paid. Our patience; aye, our philanthropy, are exhausted. The milk of our human kindness has run dry. They will not get this issue—that, they will not. We're sorry, but also are we adamant. But life goes on, even though for 18 Carmel people the joy of it is dimmed.

HERE'S ARDENTLY HOPING IVAN KELSEY LOSES

One of Carmel's most respected and industrious citizens, Ivan Kelsey, has written a letter to "The Woodman" column in the San Francisco Chronicle protesting what he considers the unfairness of enforcing the fish and game law against snagging steelheads in the Carmel River while sea lions "are allowed" to gobble the fish without hindrance in the surf just off the river's mouth.

It's possible that Ivan has got something there, but has he got enough? He has thought the thing out admirably, but has he thought it through? Has he, for instance, given a thought to why the sea lions gobble the steelheads? He may consider that the sea lions are merely competitors of his in the field of sport. He fishes for steelheads, legally of course, which is admittedly something of a dissuading factor in the successful capture of the fish, but he is doing it for fun. But the sea lions out there in the surf are gobbling the steelheads for the same reason that Ivan trades at a grocery store and a meat market. The sea lions have no money to pay the grocer and the butcher and it would be difficult for them to get up on Ocean avenue if they had.

Ivan may want the sea lions exterminated. He's certainly entitled to his point of view. As for us, we like 'em out there in the surf; like 'em better in fact than we like fishing for steelheads, either with a spinner or with a snag. If he succeeds in getting the fish and game commission to round up all the sea lions and have them hanged, we'll be sorry, but we will continue being friendly with Ivan, nevertheless. We're like that. —W. K. B.

Are You Registered? City Election April 9.



Dancing Nightly
(Except Mondays)

in the
EL DORADO ROOM
of the
Hotel San Carlos

Business Thumbs Down Zone Plan

(Continued from Page One)

got under the skin of Mayor Bert Heron who had very clearly determined on opening the meeting that his skin was not to be got under, no matter what happened. Norton used an unfortunate word in voicing his demand that the council inform him "who promoted this idea." He insisted that it couldn't have emanated from the council as a body, but must have been inspired by some one person. He was roundly applauded by the lobby when he took this quizzical turn. Bert Heron admirably restrained himself and succeeded in preventing Councilman Everett Smith, who gets almost uncontrollably hot under the collar at this sort of thing (CYMBAL, Aug. 6, 1937—"What Public? This?"), from an audible retort. The mayor then went on, quietly and with admirable goodwill in his voice, to explain that the proposal was one which the council and the city attorney had worked on for nearly a year and was designed with the sincere intentions of the council to improve conditions in the city. He declared that no one person had inspired it (he avoided the word "promoted," as used by Norton, as something that would probably have made him choke) but that it was a result of combined effort and thought only.

The meeting opened with a statement from Mayor Heron outlining the provisions of the proposed new ordinance and explaining the reasons for it. He said that the council felt that it was wise to prevent loss both to business property and to strictly residential property by their coming bang up against each other. He said that it was perfectly evident that a business block, flanked across the street by residences, suffered by this juxtaposition, and that residential property across the street from which was built up business property, suffered in residential value. The proposal in the new ordinance was to place an insulating ring around the present strictly industrial district in which such semi-residential establishments as two-family dwellings, small schools, apartments, churches, hospitals, etc., could be constructed and only in which they could be constructed outside of the strictly business section. He said this would mean a tapering off of commercial uses of property, so that there would not be a hard line of demarcation between industrial and residential districts.

As a reason for this also, he declared that more and more there had been an evasion of the law, difficult to enforce, whereby the residential district was contaminated

by the construction of two structures on one lot and the second house eventually and illegally used as a complete dwelling. He said that the council believed that creating a zone for such uses of property, making it a semi-residential zone, would solve this problem.

Then City Attorney William L. Hudson, with the aid of a large map on which the proposed new insulation zone had been drawn, gave the details of the ordinance. He showed that teeth had also been put into the law in regard to the use of residential property which would prevent in the future evasions of the law as cited by the mayor.

The burden of the protests against the proposed ordinance was that it would tend to increase the business area and by so doing menace the value of residential property. The city attorney explained that strictly commercial buildings would not be permitted in the insulation zone, but that frontage setback lines would be 15 feet and 10 feet required for side yards.

Then, it was contended by the opponents that the proposed insulating zone, or ribbon, be placed within the present business district. This, of course, brought the opposition of owners of strictly business property which would be absorbed into the new zone, materially restricting its commercial uses.

On repeated queries from the lobby, the city attorney admitted that the "teeth" against evasion of the law in regard to two-family dwellings and boarding houses in the residential section could be included in a zoning law without the proposal for the insulation belt, but the council persisted in its belief that the insulation ribbon would be a valuable improvement whether inside the business area or out. Mayor Heron repeatedly declared that personally he wished that it could be within the business area rather than without.

At any rate, this is what will be done: The ordinance, WITHOUT the R-2 or "insulation ribbon" provision will come up for first reading at the next regular meeting of the council March 6. Then, a proposed amendment to it, providing for the zone, and a part of which will be a map showing the proposed zone, will probably go on the April 9 ballot as a direct referendum from the council to the people.

Among those present at the meeting Wednesday night, in addition to the omnipresent Bob Norton, were Philip Wilson, Sr., Mr. and

TELFER FURNISHES FINE PROGRAM WITH READING OF "SKYLARK"

Ronald Telfer, reading the Gertrude Lawrence hit, "Skylark," gave us another evening of pleasant entertainment Saturday night at the Legion clubhouse. Although this isn't a great play, it has amusing lines, and it is evident that many of them were written with Miss Lawrence in mind. Telfer did his usual satisfactory job of projecting each character clearly and without overlapping. I particularly liked his Bill Blake.

The crowd wasn't as large as last time and Telfer had rather a troublesome cough. He and Ara Haswell (Mrs. Don McFadden) had a chance to chat a bit of old times when they were both in the "Ladies of the Jury" company. —M. W.

PENINSULA COUNTRY CLUB MEMBERS STAGE THEIR ANNUAL OCEAN DIP

As this is written, it's Thursday morning and it's raining hard. Over at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club the hardy stags have already had their traditional Washington's Birthday dip in the ocean, well-fortified with Coffee Royale, and are enjoying their breakfast. After further fortification around the blazing fire they'll go out for the point par golf tournament, rain or no rain. Those who at least went down to the ocean's edge were Major Warren J. Clear, Col. Lawson Little, Ashton Stanley, Robert S. Blake, R. K. Wallace, W. T. Reynolds, Webster Street, Lt. Col. J. S. Swietzer, A. V. Ednie, Carl A. Batchelder, Lt. John V. Roddy, Charles A. Stafford, Judge T. B. Taylor and Vernon Goodwin.

Feminine club members enter the picture at noon when a buffet luncheon is served. There is the special dinner at night, and cards and Keno follow.

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Mrs. Arthur T. Shand, Barnet Segal, Mrs. Mary Dummage, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burge, Mrs. Mary Gould, Miss Maude Stewart, Harold Nielsen, John Jordan, Keith Evans, Hal Gates, Hugh Comstock, John Neikirk, Mr. and Mrs. John Bathen, Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, Lewis Josselyn, Fred Godwin, Ernest Morehouse, Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote, W. A. Crone.

Forum Discussion On "Germany Can't Lose"

In a recent broadcast Adolf Hitler declared "Germany Can't Lose." In a panel discussion at Sunset Auditorium Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8 p.m., Dr. William H. Poytress, professor of economics at San Jose State College, will defend the premise, "Germany Can't Win." The discussion will be in the panel form with a local panel including Richard L. Masten as chairman, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. Carl Rendtorff, Mrs. June Lucas, Bernard F. Schulte, Archibald MacPhail (editor of the Pine Cone), and other local people.

The panel discussion is rather new to the local Forum. It has met with high favor elsewhere, serving to promote free discussion but to keep it on a high plane of courtesy and consideration and to force sound reasoning. A speaker may take chances with his logic, or even with his facts when no one is close by to challenge. When several other well informed persons are on the platform where they feel free to ask questions, challenge statements, or even express their own views, a speaker must perforce prepare himself well and expect to prove his points irrefutably. Questions from the audience are also encouraged, usually after the panel has had an initial opportunity.

Dr. Poytress is especially suited to this type of discussion as he is a popular Forum speaker and has participated in many sessions of this kind. His fund of information seems almost unlimited and he is at his best when called on to present further data to prove his points. An Englishman by birth, Professor Poytress is head of the department of social sciences at San Jose State College. His lecture here is open to all adults without cost of any kind.

Desert wildflowers are already in bloom in the vicinity of Indio, reports the Riverside office of the National Automobile Club. The best display at the present time is along the Palm Springs to Indio highway and adjacent to U.S. 99 between Indio and Brawley.



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Four-eighths Alvarado Street in Monterey

Council Sets City Election for April 9

Carmel's city election will be held April 9, according to a resolution so designating that date passed by the city council Wednesday night.

There will be two precincts, A and B. A precinct will include the regular election precincts 1, 2 and 3, all south of Ocean avenue, and the polling place will be the Carmel Studio Theatre, formerly the Green Room, on Casanova street between Eighth and Ninth. B precinct will be the regular election precincts 4 and 5, all north of Ocean avenue and the polling place will be the Carmel firehouse on Sixth street between San Carlos and Mission streets. The polls will be open from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Election officers for A precinct will be William Overstreet, inspector; Charlotte E. Morgan, judge; Elizabeth Sullivan and Jean C. Whitcomb, clerks. For B precinct, Harry L. Clement, inspector; Alice W. Askew, judge; Mabel A. Hart and Clara B. Leidig, clerks.

It is probable that a proposed bonding of the city for \$4500 for improvements and extensions to the Carmel library will be on the ballot along with the proposed zoning referendum and candidates for the following offices:

City clerk, city treasurer, two councilmen for short terms of two years each, and two councilmen for the regular long terms of four years each.

Nomination papers may be circulated now and must be filed with the city clerk by noon on March 9. They must each contain the signatures of five registered voters. The registration books for those who did not vote at the November, 1938, election, or who have moved since and not yet re-registered, will be open to and including February 29. You have six days yet.

CARMEL YOUNG MAN TO GO TO ANNAPOLIS

John Robert Hilliard, son of Commander and Mrs. J. C. Hilliard of San Antonio and Seventh, has received an appointment to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis from Congressman John Z. Anderson.

Hilliard was graduated from Monterey Union High school last year and is now in school in Southern California. The Hilliards have lived in Carmel for the past two years.

Anderson has also named Paul Warrington, son of Mrs. Natalie Warrington of Monte Verde and Eleventh, as first alternate to Edgar B. Salsig of San Mateo. He also was graduated from Monterey High and is now at Salinas Junior College.

Sacramento's very splendid new Ice Palace, located on the Davis Highway, just west of the city, is now open for the public, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. Each night scores of enthusiastic skaters enjoy this very exhilarating sport.

Are You Registered?



beverly's
house o' flowers
carmel theatre building
telephone 374

COMMUNITY CENTER CLUB HAS MONTHLY LUNCHEON

The Community Center Club, made up of women from all over the Peninsula who work to aid the Monterey Peninsula Community Center, held its monthly luncheon meeting at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club yesterday. The club is divided into various groups doing different types of work. It has given two bazaars during the past year, one the now famous doll exhibit and sale, and plans a Carnival in May.

Carmel women who attended yesterday's luncheon included Mrs. John E. Abernethy, Mrs. Louis Vidoroni, Mrs. Peter Elliott, Mrs. Lester Dewar, Mrs. P. A. McCreery, Mrs. Lansing Bailey, Mrs. Ralph Marron and Mrs. W. B. Williams.

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INVITATION TO REILLY GOES BY TELEGRAPH

Something slipped up in affairs municipal since the council meeting two weeks ago and the invitation to George R. Reilly of the State Board of Equalization to come down here and discuss our liquor problem was not dispatched until yesterday. On authority of the council, Councilman Bernard Rowntree sent a telegram of invitation. The council was a bit upset about the failure of the invitation to get off two weeks ago and we understand the buck was passed around in what might be called a prolific manner.

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KUSTER PLANS TO PRODUCE "OUR TOWN" IN APRIL

"Our Town," Pulitzer Prize play, which has been produced in scores of community theaters all over the country, will be performed under Edward Kuster's direction at Carmel Playhouse some time early in April. It is planned to give subsequent presentations in the school auditoriums of the Peninsula, with a possible revival at the Forest Theater during the summer.

The play embraces many diversified American types. Kuster is beginning to cast it this week and says that he will welcome applicants regardless of previous training and experience. Interviews will be held daily at the Playhouse.

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Travel conditions are good via the Redwood Highway, U. S. 101, from San Francisco to Eureka and Crescent City, thence into Oregon, reports the California State Automobile Association.

League of Women Voters To Meet Here Feb. 28

The Monterey County League of Women Voters comes to Carmel for its February luncheon meeting and brings Miss Margaret Chickering as guest speaker to Pine Inn, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 11:45 a. m.

Miss Chickering comes from an old California family and is well known in Carmel. She is director of the State Department of Social Welfare, a leader in the social welfare field and formerly on the staff at the University of California. Her subject, "Your Neighbor's Child," discusses the children for whom the state of California must provide care of some kind or another, dwelling particularly upon delinquent and feeble-minded children, the common problem they create in the community and the most approved methods of meeting this problem.

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TOM HEFLING SELLS HIMSELF A LOT OF PROPERTY

Tom Hefling sold a lot of property to himself in the echoing sanctum of his office in the city hall on Wednesday of this week.

He sold it for a total of \$305.28 due and unpaid in taxes on it.

He'll hold it now for five years and if the owners don't come in and buy it back, for the taxes due and the penalties, the city will get a deed to it, or theoretically it will—the law seems to be full of holes in this regard.

Anyway Tax Collector Tom Hefling did a transaction Wednesday in the otherwise vacant and echoing sanctum of his office in the city hall.

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RETAIL CLERKS OF PENINSULA PROPOSE ORGANIZATION

An open meeting for retail clerks was held Tuesday evening in the Central Labor Council hall, 315 Alvarado street, Monterey. A discussion was held for prospective members, concerning the organization of a Retail Clerks Union covering the entire Peninsula. This was the second meeting during the past week.

Those who were present made tentative plans to form a charter, but to oblige evening workers and others who cannot attend on week nights, another open meeting was scheduled for Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

Allen Griffin Falls Down on Us

Either Allen Griffin is getting old or he's getting careful or he's a bit nervous about his present altercation with E. B. Gross and John Milton Thompson in re a service station on Alvarado street in Monterey; whatever the cause, there was not much fire in his eye or fervor in his voice when he talked about city planning to the assembled members of the Carmel Business Association, at their dinner meeting at Normandy Inn Tuesday night.

It is still within the memory of man; as a matter of fact, it was scarcely more than a year ago when Allen came over the hill to us and forcefully advised us to build a fence around our town, put in a few toll gates and charge a smart little fee for admittance. At that time he said it was our only salvation.

This last Tuesday night he was painfully reticent. He apparently looked down into the faces of the business association members and decided that there was a pretty belligerent commercial gleam in their eyes. He decided to walk softly under the stars lest god find him out, and he went no further into his store of love for this community than to bring forth the quietly expressed admonition to us that we retain as much as possible of the "fading past."

He dragged from his sweet memory vistas of flowering wild lilac and budding manzanita in wide expanses and then dropped us down with the statement that after all we "can't be sure what to try to hold of the old Carmel."

"The problem," he said, "calls for a unique solution. If you don't

save what you have your trend will be toward mediocrity."

He called our attention to the fact that Monterey relieved Carmel of many of its problems or, rather, of industries that are necessary to a community, but not altogether beautiful or desirable within its confines. He mentioned burial grounds, garbage dumps, ice plants—but he forgot, or skipped because of his characteristic gentility—Flora.

He touched in passing on the eventual decadence of a place that sought to cater solely to the summer visitor, the winging tourist, but he soothed the sting for the merchants before him with the balm of "there is very little Carmel can do against the persisting trend of modernity."

In the audience was one little newspaperman with a greying beard who went right home and cried.

+

REPUBLICAN WOMEN TO HAVE SILVER TEA TODAY

A silver tea will be held at Colonial Terrace this afternoon by the Republican Women of the Monterey Peninsula. Mrs. J. E. Abernethy and Mrs. Elizabeth Curran will pour. It will be between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock.

Last week the discussion group, directed by Mrs. C. Montague Irwin, listened to Mrs. John Fisher of Forest Lodge read an address given by Governor Bricker of Ohio in answer to criticism of his handling of the relief situation in Ohio. Mrs. Elizabeth Curran also read a paper on FRA, and what has happened to it in the State of California.

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W. E. BASSETT, EDITOR

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Don Blanding Is Actually a Bit Sylph-Like

Don Blanding, returning from Hawaii last Friday by Clipper, and leaving for Chicago yesterday on his usual mid-winter-early-spring creamed chicken and peas lecture tour, is living proof of what systematic diet really can do if you set your mind to it. He has lost 36 pounds and looks at least 10 years younger.

On the spot to greet Don as the Clipper landed were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Spencer and Jack Jordan of Carmel, and also Ranny Cockburn, who came down from his sheep ranch in Witter Springs, Lake County, just to say "hello" to his old pal. Don says Ranny looks like a different person. He has lost weight, too, and apparently sheep ranching utterly agrees with him and he has found his niche at last.

Here is another for your collection of coincidences: Don has made four trips by Clipper across the Pacific. Each time it has been a different ship and a different crew. The trips have not been made at regular intervals. His fellow passenger on three of these occasions has been Richard Byer of Jack's Peak. It's always a surprise.

The benefit show in Honolulu that Don produced and directed for the Outdoor Circle, turned out to be a \$2000 sock in the teeth for the billboards. Hawaiian billboards were insidiously creeping up into what might be termed a situation, when suddenly the citizens awoke to the fact that the name, Libby, McNeil and Libby, was written across their most beautiful hillside in pineapples. That was enough. The Outdoor Circle went to war and stripped every billboard off the island.

THIRD SERMON SUNDAY AT ALL SAINTS' ON "ESSENTIALS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE"

The third sermon in a series on "The Essentials in Christian Thought and Living" will be given by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé next Sunday at All Saints' Church. Rev. E. Manhire will be the soloist during the offertory *The Lord Is My Shepherd* by Oley Speaks.

Next Sunday, which is the third Sunday in Lent, Holy Communion held at 8 a.m., the Church School begins at 9:30 a.m., and Morning Prayer at 11 a.m.

Evening Prayer is held Thursday at 4 p.m. and Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock, a class meets on "The American Prayer Book."

February 29 is the last day for new registrations.

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

THE PINKERTONS

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Pinkerton, both well-known and successful authors, who have been visiting Mrs. Martha E. Newcome at Pebble Beach, left Wednesday for Los Angeles for a visit with their daughter, Bobs Pinkerton, who heads the publicity department at the Furniture Mart. They will be back with Mrs. Newcome again, however, before returning to New York.

The Pinkertons formerly lived at Carmel Highlands, and have lived there and in Carmel for occasional periods during the past 20 years. Since going to New York two years ago Mrs. Pinkerton has published "Wilderness Wife," a book telling the experiences of herself and her husband when they lived for five years in the Canadian wilderness, and which has had a large sale, and she has recently had published "Three's a Crew," a yarn spinning the Pinkertonian adventures on a boat in Puget Sound and Alaskan waters. This book promises to eclipse "Wilderness Wife" in popularity.

Bob Pinkerton's serial "Logging Fool" ran recently in the Saturday Evening Post, and he has just sold this magazine another serial scheduled to run in a few weeks.

—M. W.

RUTH COOKE

"What do you know, Ruth Cooke is making pretty pictures with smut!"

It's an old woman who lives in the hills who speaks. She's known Ruth Cooke since Ruth was "so high."

Three of Ruth's charcoal drawings are framed and will be over at the Carmel Art Gallery soon to be juried. One is of Monterey Bay, one of Carmel Valley, the other an oak study. All three demonstrate

Craftsmen Do Get Somewhere, But Turbulently

After a marvelous dinner at Forest Lodge, the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen, well-fed and sanguine, let George Seideneck point out to them that an immediate change is indicated if they are to survive. Suggested was a change of name from Carmel Guild of Craftsmen's Shop to "Gallery," thereby removing the greatest bar to filling it with people that there is. Suggested, too, was a new location, enlargement of membership both active and associate, exhibitions from craftsmen in other cities, and another drawing with tickets priced high enough to include associate memberships. Nothing was decided.

Oh, yes, one motion was carried through. Lucille Bertis, artist, a newcomer to Carmel and an active member of the Carmel Art Association, is looking for a studio and offered to share the cost of one with the Guild if a suitable location could be found in which she would have room to work and the Guild space to exhibit. This met with agreeable response from the members present and one Guild member, Miss Bertha L. Bowen, was assigned to accompany her on the search.

In appreciation of their work for the Guild, the voluntary shopkeepers—Cordelia Gilman, Edith Robinson, Jane Bouse, Barbara Ames, Eloise Carwyle, Catherine Seide-

a very definite and individual style, an approach peculiarly Ruth Cooke's. She has had no instruction. She works unhampered by rule or method, but out of a tremendous enthusiasm. She gets out into the country early in the morning and stays all day. She seems to have a special feeling for oak trees, reducing their intricacies to a fine, rhythmic simplicity. Her patterns have an almost masculine strength and virility.

Ruth never realized she had a talent for this sort of thing until last summer when she and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Gilbert went up to Yosemite together. Gilbert was doing some sketching, so Ruth tried it—just for fun. She's kept it up ever since.

In speaking of her work, Gilbert says she shows more talent than any beginner he has known, and she is getting no instruction. He criticizes her work, yes. But he feels it would be a mistake for her to receive more than criticism. Her work shows such promise and such originality of viewpoint that outside influence would be unnecessary and dangerous.

Ruth is just beginning to work with oil. She has done a still life or two, and now that the days are settling into spring, she will begin to do some landscapes. But her father, W. H. P. Hill, believes that charcoal is her medium.

It's a bit early to determine that, however. It is even too soon to determine whether Ruth will stick with it or not. She has other talents. She sings; she's interested in writing; she's been doing some craft work in tin with Mrs. T. B. Wilson. But there's no question that if she wants to go on into this new field of creative expression, she can go far with it. It's up to Ruth.

—M. W.

neck and Sally Fry—received gifts made by Guild members. The pottery of Dorothy Bassett, the ironwork of John Catlin, the weaving of Marian Howes and the woodcarving of Charlie Sayers were gratefully received.

Woodcarver Charlie Sayers, returning from a brief word to the Business Association, missed out on most of Seideneck's summary and Johan Hagemeyer, in a facetiously arbitrary mood, made further rational discussion impossible. Meeting was adjourned before Scotch Charlie lost his temper. It was a bonnie meeting. —M. W.

TWO SECTIONS OF WOMAN'S CLUB MEET NEXT WEEK

Two section meetings for Carmel Woman's Club will be held the week of February 26. Monday the bridge section meets at Pine Inn at 2 o'clock. Wednesday, Feb. 28, Miss Helen Rosenkrans directs the Current Events section at 10:30 a.m. at Pine Inn.

City Election April 9. Are You Registered?

TARRANT'S Gifts and "Stuff"

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage"—but they help, according to Rhys Wood of Robles Del Rio. Poor Rhys has been confined to his jail-runway by his master, Bill Wood, until tick season is over.

However, there is a ray of sunshine in his now darkened life, for every day his best girl, the lovely titian-haired Bambina, comes to see him and sits outside of the wire cage making soulful Cocker-eyes at him and murmuring words of sympathy.

Alf Blanding has been beside himself with joy for the past week. He was so-o-o-o happy that his master, Don Blanding, was home again, even if it was just for a short visit. And he was so-o-o-o proud that his master-by-adoption, John Eaton, made such a tremendous hit as Antony in "Julius Caesar."

Alf fairly beamed as he trotted up and down Ocean avenue and his little black feet just didn't seem to touch the pavement at all.

Fritzie Fisher has a son! And she has named him *The Little Colonel*. He is just an adorable little ball of fluff, but Fritzie is awfully proud and jealous of him, because he is her very first child.

The entire staff of Forest Lodge claim he is by far the handsomest

baby they have ever seen and they all agree with Fritzie that undoubtedly he will grow up to be President some day.

That jacket Toro Carter is wearing with such an air is not the latest Spring fashion of the well-dressed young gentleman but his "pneumonia" jacket. Some despicable inhuman being poisoned Toro and he was very, very ill. Now that he is on the road to recovery, his mistress, Elaine Carter, puts on the jacket to protect him from catching cold.

Toro adores the jacket and loves to wear it. He struts around in it like a Princeton senior—and he cuts quite a dashing figure.

"IS A PAINLESS WORLD DESIRABLE?" IS TOPIC OF DR. MCKEE SUNDAY

"Is a Painless World Desirable?" is Dr. Wilber W. McKee's topic for Sunday at the Girl Scout House. Carmel Community Church holds its last meeting here Sunday, for their church will be ready for occupancy March 3.

Church School begins at 9:45 a.m., the Minister's Bible Class at 10 a.m., and Morning Prayer at 11 a.m.

For 20 Years

15

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PRESENTS

ROBERT VIROVAI,
Violinist

TOMORROW (SATURDAY)

Sunset Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets on Sale Daily 11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
at THOBURNS, Ocean Avenue

Prices: \$3, \$2, \$1.25 and 75c

Telephone Carmel 62 or Mrs. Paul Flanders 22

CLANGING CYMBALS

MORNING EDITION

(Once before in this column I have written about the Woman of Mule Canyon. In case you do not remember, the Woman is a mountain, lying on her side over a bit east of the Log House and gazing down Mule Canyon to the sea. In the almost two years I have lived alongside her she has become to me at once a person and some sort of wayward goddess; someone intimate and utterly remote; a tender companion and a vulgar old haridan and a great lady.

I do not apologise for writing about her again, and even again, for she is old and she is timely. She is the spot-news of the earth. As some of you know, I have had a lapse out of living for the last six months and, as many of you know, it is hard to get back into things again; to adjust yourself first from the comfortable cauter of hospital life back to the savage surgery of dailyhood. How many times you want to climb into bed again and have a thermometer stuck under your tongue; as a child, wailing in a too glaring dawn and a wet diaper, must think wistfully of the womb.

Yesterday, in one of these moments, I returned to the Log House. It was dawn. And there, her hair all rumpled from the embrace of rain, lay the Woman of Mule Canyon, with her knees tucked up, reading her morning paper. I sat on the old hem redwood log back of the house and peeked over her shoulder, and this is the writing.)

The Woman had stirred herself early that morning out of a familiar dream. It was a true thing that had happened years ago on her patient old flanks and she often dreamt, half awake, about it and woke up laughing aloud. There was an old man who had come to live down there at her feet from some port in the distant state of Connecticut, a sea captain, wooed and won by this stark fascinating land. Post, was his name. He had married, if she remembered correctly, one of the Carmel Indian squaws and often at dawn he would come riding across her shoulders on the pretense of looking after his cattle, but in reality, she knew, to be alone with the sea again. It was funny how like a great ship the Woman was, rising straight out of the Pacific that way. Old man Post could pace his horse along her crest and call the watches in the hypertonic voice of memory, so that his wife and two children would never see his bare hungers, for no New Englander puts his yearnings on the breakfast table for the household to feast upon.

Well, this old man had the in-trepidity of those seadogs, and he had been known to say aloud in the taverns at Monterey that there was nothing in this land to frighten a man; that it was only tame earth to an old frog like himself. Vogel had spoken up on one of these occasions: Gott, man, von of these days you vill-be seeing a grizzly bear fwitch vill be walking in the same direction as you und py Jesus ve-vill see, then vat ve vill see.

So this morning Mr. Post was on his way back home to breakfast, riding that hardbitted pinto mare of his and singing some chantey or other when he had one of those feelings a man has in the small of

his spine. The bear wasn't following him; she lay on her back in a little raw spring slough of earth, playing with her cub. By God, the old man thought, the boys would like that cub for romping. He took his old muzzle loader from the saddle horn and remembered that he had killed a couple of fat bucks earlier that dawn and had but one charge left. Well, he would get in close, he warn't afeard of no leviathans of the sea, by Christ, and this was but a thing that swam above water, in full target. The mare had got used to bears all right, but she was damned tough in the mouth and by the time he turned her about, the shebear had got to her feet and was out in the clear.

The Woman laughed aloud again now, thinking of it. How the grizzly would take the cub in her two hands and throw him a distance and then stand face to face with that pinto, backing away toward the baby and making foolish sounds for so fearful a creature; holding her enormous plantigrade feet spread out against the dawning sky so that the old man would just get ready to let loose his charge when she would duck and toss the cub farther away. And then the Woman felt the fear grow in him, knowing what would happen to him and his horse if that one shot failed. She saw him back away and streak for home and she remembers how she laughed then and gloated some, and how the shebear sat down in her great sloppy way, against the trunk of a redwood tree at the canyon edge, spreading her hind legs comfortably, and lifted the cub to her breast.

Yes, yes, it was just some such day as this. She can see now the complacent old ursine face, working its gums over a leaf of young bay and dreaming the dreams of all nursing females since time began. There on her greening rump this minute was a nondescript old Hereford cow feeding her calf. And then she realized what had waked her so pleasantly that morning; it was not only that the rain, wooing her with strong sensuous fingers all the night, had stopped suddenly without a kiss of parting, but it was more than that. It was the bounty of warm milk, of all the sweet milk that had flowed through all the udders of her timelessness. It was the

Spring once more, the satisfaction, and smiling outward from her own sweet quickening, she felt a little condescension at the silver-fluted sea, knowing him to be but male, milkless and without seasons.

Up north she heard just then the beating of the dull gunnery at the Presidio in Monterey. In her own morning paper (and God only knows how she got all the news from all the world in that far place but that her foreign correspondents were everywhere the unbiased beasts and birds, their relatives and friends, and that mysterious earth itself was telescope and telepath and vision supercarinate and she had very little use for gadgets in her life and none for propaganda) in her morning paper she had read of all the barrack rooms over the round world where the gentle grey-gloved hand of dawn had crept across sleeping men and turned to gauntlet-iron. She had heard reveille that dawn from everywhere; seen military pants drawn over million thin, fat, numb, frightened military legs; heard: Jesus Christ, another day and I'll blow the stinking brain out of my own head rather than this. . . I dream about my wife just then, oh Father in Heaven . . . that's plain to see you bastard, go run some water. . . who made this filthy war, I'd like to know. . . by Jesus, I would get them sons o' bitches and wring their stupid heads right off their fancy dressed-up carcasses and eat head-cheese for chow three times a day the rest of my born days.

A rock, loosened by last night's rain, starts sloughing off the Woman's shoulder, moving gently at first, then, gaining speed, hurtles and bumps toward the road at her feet, grazing her funnybone, hitting her a sharp blow on the buttock and landing just amiss of the big yellow cat the crew has left parked for the night under the lee of the Log House hill. It leaves a bleeding streak along the Woman's side, but there are many comforters, she finds, in life, and it will heal. She watches a young eagle over Meyerose's house, his curious winging after the ground squirrel underneath; watches him swing away in a great circle, lowering a little as he goes; watches him drop the last forty feet straight down and sees him squeeze his claws until there is one less breathing thing upon her body now. Perhaps she thinks in that same span of thought about the silver winged, noisome deathbirds that come daily out of hangars to foul the quietude of her days these

times; finding their hauteur just a little silly beside the eagle's arrogance and precision. Kill quickly and for food; at any rate, it's not the killing matters, it's the bidding by the law.

The Woman sees the Day go wandering out to sea and at the nape of her neck she feels the first tentative cool kiss of sun. There isn't much, she thinks, in this morning's paper that hasn't been there in some language, some ever-changing guise, since she remembers and that's not just this year and last. The times are out of kilter, she has heard in Arabic and Old High German and Provencal and good old ruddy English, oh, very many times before. Babylon and Helsinki and the first johnny-jump-ups yellowing out of their brown chalices upon her knees.

Well, there is her housework to do, and pity is a waste of good energy unless it goes to work. She has her own osmotic chores to see to; that root and limb and tiny leaf have sap enough from hour to hour; that the small deer nuzzling her own lush bosom at daylight, find vitamins and calories to last them until the evening; that the fine sycamore on her high shoulder, blown over by late winter winds, gets root again within the sanctuary of her flesh. By noon her poppies must be opening and her nocturnal creatures

folded away in their ragged chaparral beds.

There is so much to do, I haven't any time to think, she sighs, and lifting up the shining, rain drenched tips of all her grasses, she puts on the green apron of busyness and goes about her work.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

CARMEL'S KITE FESTIVAL SATURDAY, MAR. 9

Carmel's traditional Kite Festival will be held this year on Saturday, March 9.

There are rules and regulations regarding the entry of kites and these will be announced next week by Ernest R. Calley of the Carmel schools faculty.

It is expected that the colorful event will take place as usual on the Hatton Fields Mesa.

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HOLMAN'S

Every Time You Spend a Dime, Ask for S&H Green Stamps



"The wittles is up!"



Somebody asked the Constant Eater the other day if she were going to have any more recipes in her column. The answer, of course, is yes.

Here's one to begin with that everyone who has tried it seems to like. It's a banana-nut bread (from the *Better Homes and Gardens* cook book) which is easy to prepare, stays moist several days and makes a popular afternoon tea accompaniment. Ingredients: 1/2 cup shortening, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup bran, 2 tbsp. water, 1 1/2 cups mashed bananas, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. vanilla extract, 1/2 cup chopped nut meats. Directions: Cream shortening and sugar until smooth; add egg, then bran, and mix thoroughly. Mix water with banana and add alternately with flour which has been sifted with baking powder, salt, and soda. Mix thoroughly and add vanilla and nut meats. Place in greased 1-pound loaf pan and let stand 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 1 hour. A long narrow pan makes the nicest shape loaf, cutting into small slices just right for serving at tea or lunch. Try spreading it with cream cheese.

I have my own version of this recipe, which we like even better in our house. One day, having only one banana on hand but having about a cup of cooked oatmeal left over, I combined the two, to take the place of the full amount of mashed bananas. It requires an extra tablespoon of water, or milk, if you prefer. The result is not quite so strong a banana taste and a better texture of the bread. So now I have another use for left-over oatmeal, though I must say there seldom is any left over—except when the Youngest Constant Eater at the last moment decides he wants rice krispies, or his grandmother is given shredded Ralston, which she likes better than most cold cereals.

Speaking of recipes you ought to see "The Yankee Cook Book"! It's one of those doggone fascinating books that can be opened anywhere and be guaranteed to offer you something good—and I don't mean only good dishes but good entertainment and good information.

The sub-title gives an excellent condensed description: "An Anthology of Incomparable Recipes From The Six New England States and a Little Something about the People whose Tradition for Good Eating is herein permanently recorded by Imogene Wolcott from the *Files of Yankee* magazine and from Time-worn Recipe Books and many Gracious Contributors." The seals of the six states are incorporated in the design of the end papers, around the border of which run these delicious hints of the richness of the contents: Martha's Ham Loaf, Cape Cod Clam Pie, Martha's Vineyard Quahog Stew, Maine Molasses Doughnuts, Rhode Island Johnny Cake, Holy Pokes, Connecticut Kedgeree, Jolly Boys, Nantucket Corn Pudding, Acrostook Potass Soup, Hen and Beans, Vermont Corned Beef, Halleluiah, Edgartown Stuffed Onions, Coot Stew, New Hampshire Ski Snack, Daniel Webster's Fish Chowder and Scootin'-Long-The-Shore!

Two artists are responsible for the attractive decorations but somebody slipped up on the spelling of "kedgeree" in the end paper design—whichever artist it was he made it "kedegree" and nobody noticed it. Or else, perhaps that spelling is a permissible variant. If so, I plead ignorance and apologize for mentioning it.

You get an awful lot in this book you wouldn't expect from its simple name—"Yankee Cook Book." You get delightful essays by seasoned writers, beginning with Wilbur L. Cross in "Foretaste," a general discussion of those foods native to New England—Indian corn, beans, fish, clams, cranberries and so forth. Rhode Island Clambakes are treated, both historically and practically, by Horace G. Belcher. And believe me, a Rhode Island clambake is a feast! We had the privilege of attending one presided over by the acknowledged expert of the art from the exclusive Squantum Association near Providence. The clambakes of Squantum are still made as they were when the organization was founded "during the time that Grant ran for re-election." Anyhow, my mouth yet waters when I think of the clams and lobsters that came out of that smoking pit under the pine-trees in our next-door neighbor's garden one brilliantly sunny summer day.

One of the funniest chapters in the book is C. M. Webster's "The Perfect Church Supper." It begins: "Father was a tolerant man who excused all sermons and forgave bad amateur plays—the ministers and actors had done their best, he said—but he asked for perfection in a church or Grange supper." But it's no use quoting; the story of what father expected and got at a church supper is something you must read right through.

"Stories of Old New England Dishes" by Ella Shannon Bowles includes some amusing anecdotes and throws light on the very earliest days of the hardy settlers when pumpkins or pompions were an important part of their diet. Stewed pumpkin was called the "ancient New England standing-dish" and as early as 1651 Edward Johnson wrote: "Let no man make a jest of pumpkin, for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed his people till corn and cattle were increased."

Frederic F. Van de Water's essay is headed by Ethan Allen's famous "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and sings the praises of the resourceful Pilgrim Fathers who performed culinary miracles with remarkably limited provisions. "Nothing in the Yankee epic is more edifying," says Mr. Van de Water,

"than the canto which deals with his kitchen prowess. Despite his reputed scorn of matters of the flesh, the New Englander always has fed himself well in the face of tremendous handicaps."

Then there's Margaret Carmichael's "The Farm Kitchen," a picture of the heart of the rural home as human and warming as the old wood-range which still remains "the great black Mogul of domestic affairs." There's Sydney Woolbridge's "Sap's Risin'," a classic description of the maple sugar romance.

Another gem is Joseph Lincoln's article called "Yankee Doodle in a Kettle." "A New England clam chowder, made as it should be, is a dish to preach about," writes Mr. Lincoln emphatically, "to chant praises and sing hymns and burn incense before. To fight for. The Battle of Bunker Hill was fought for—or on—clam chowder, part of it, at least; I am sure it was. It is as American as the Stars and Stripes, as patriotic as the national anthem. It is 'Yankee Doodle' in a kettle."

And here I am at the end of the line and no space left to tell you how "Scootin'-Long-The-Shore" got its name, nor about "Old Bachelor's Doughnuts" and how to use them to find a housekeeper, nor the recipe for "Rose Custard Pie" made by "the Mason Girls" who were forever playing with a ouija board, nor my favorite and beloved Laura E. Richards' article giving her husband's great-great-grandmother's directions for cooking mussels and making portable soup, nor—well, as I said in the beginning, you can open the "Yankee Cook Book" anywhere and have a good time.

But now I'm going to try out a recipe contributed by a direct descendant of Roger Williams. It's a "Hot Water Cake" and if it's as good as it sounds you'll hear more about it later. —CONSTANT EATER

MARJA LEE DAVIS GIVEN INFORMAL PARTY AS BRIDE-TO-BE

If you'd just happened to drop into Jean Ritchie's Yarn Shop Saturday afternoon you'd have got in on a little informal sherry party for Marja Lee Davis, whose last day at work it was. The young engineer, Kenneth A. Robertson, whom she will marry March 2, came up from Ventura for the week-end. He had to go back again Sunday and Marja will not see him again until the Big Day.

With her wedding day approaching so swiftly, Marja is now in the middle of all the exciting business of buying her trousseau. She went to San Francisco Monday and picked out the wardrobe trunk that her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Davis of Carmel Point, are getting her for the trip to South America where she and Kenneth will make their home.

Are You Registered?

BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM



Breakfast • Luncheon
Tea • Dinner

OCEAN AVENUE
Near Lincoln

Shades of Great Caesar's Ghost! 'Twas A Finer Play Than We Had Expected

We were about to take our typewriter in hand and do something about this recent "Julius Caesar" performance which, by the way, we liked immensely, when along comes the morning mail and with it the following review by Phyllis Smith of Salinas, of which and of whom we heartily approve:

+

Shades of great Caesar's ghost! Will someone kindly tell me whether I actually saw what I thought I saw on the stage at Sunset auditorium last Friday night? If it all really "happened" there, then the Bard must have been a weary old pile of bones by ten-thirty that memorable night—what with all that rolling over and around in his grave.

Honestly, all that was missing in Chick McCarthy's production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" were a concentration camp and a couple of Nazi spies! It certainly wasn't in the good old "tradition" our fathers sometimes grow misty-eyed about, but it was darned good theater. Chick is to be congratulated upon his success in providing us playgoers with a new and exciting experience.

What with the deftly-handled mob scenes, the beautifully-balanced cast, excellent lighting and costuming, and the sometimes jittery set pieces (to say nothing of all that lovely noise both on stage and

off) the writer was in a fine state of ditherish willies during the ride home to Salinas. But, after sleeping on the whole thing for a couple of nights, I've decided that not to mention some of the highlights of the production would be doing both director and cast a grave injustice. So here goes, and may God have mercy on my soul!

First honors, in my somewhat prejudiced opinion, go to John Eaton for his masterful handling of the funeral oration. It was really splendid and quite in the tradition. Close on the heels of that episode I would say, were Noel Sullivan and Edith Frisbie, with Herbert Heron, Andre French, Oliver Baggett and Theadora Winter as runners-up. I was particularly impressed by Sullivan's scene in the Senate and with Frisbie in the "dream" sequence.

Those in the cast who doubled deserve special mention. Their changes of character were smoothly and undisturbingly made, from the audience standpoint, at least.

It was a truly impressive production in every sense of the word and worthy of repetition anytime, any place.

—PHYLLIS L. SMITH

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"Are You a Bug" Is Given for Scrutiny By Its Author

Because Don Blanding had never seen his own child, John and Mitzi gave a special performance of "Are You a Bug?" at the Marionette Theatre Tuesday night and invited a number of their friends to see it, too.

Don wrote this whimsical little play for them before he went to Hawaii this last time and got a big kick out of meeting Dilly the Caterpillar, Billy Skunk, Mr. Glowworm, Lady Moon Moth, and all the rest of that fantastic array of characters, in person. We all did. It's the best thing John and Mitzi have done yet. They have that rare gift of drawing the line between whimsy and sloppiness.

Afterwards the guests were invited to the stage to see how everything worked. Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox were completely intrigued. Both of them went backstage and experimented with strings and the rest of us proceeded to get more intimately acquainted with these appealing creatures, who, aided and abetted by Mitzi, still retained the illusion of reality even when we touched them.

From the theater everyone wandered down the hill to Vagabond's House where Don, John and Mitzi brewed coffee and passed huge bowls of cookies around. Among the guests were Noel Sullivan, Connie Bell, Chick McCarthy, Thea Winter, Olga Taylor, Frank and Marjory Lloyd, Clay and Janie Otto, Donnan Jeffers, Marie Short, Marjorie Warren, Lee Crowe, Anna Katz, Joy Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Spencer and John and JoAnn Pairita.

Don has a date in April in Florida with Dorothy Putnam, first wife of publisher George Palmer Putnam. They're going to dash around the Everglades and inland waterways in a small boat, and they're going to fly to Havana and Yucatan during the two weeks he'll be her guest. That will allow him to get back to New York the first part of May, and there may be some kind of a radio program for Don. It all means that he has no idea when he'll be back in Carmel again.

—M. W.

MCCARTHY IS TAKING HIS "JULIUS CAESAR" TO SALINAS TONIGHT

"Julius Caesar" will be given tonight at Salinas High school auditorium for the benefit of the Salinas Junior College Student Loan Fund.

Chick McCarthy, basking in the satisfaction of work well done, took his stage crew over Wednesday to complete arrangements and the cast goes over early this evening. Not one of them but is glad to have the opportunity of repeating this tragedy. They like it.

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Ruth Draper Does a Marvelous Job in Face of an Unresponsive Audience

It seemed as though all of Monterey Peninsula responded to the lure of an evening with Ruth Draper Monday night, but when the curtains finally parted 20 minutes later than they were scheduled, Miss Draper faced an audience that seemed to refuse to capitulate and sat on its hands. It was a great oaf of an audience and I think it angered her.

Not that it didn't appreciate her, but that warm, responsive spark was missing. Without it Miss Draper was unable to project her art to that plane wherein it transcends mere theater and becomes Life itself. It is because she has been able to do this for other audiences that her position at the top has remained unchallenged for so many years.

So, the Carmel audience cheated itself. It was unfortunate. Perhaps it resented having to wait so long for late-comers. Perhaps it wanted to be made to weep. In that case Miss Draper's choice of subject material was at fault. "A Dalmatian Peasant in the Hall of a New York Hospital" was the only heart-string tugger of the lot.

"At a Children's Party in Philadelphia," with which she opened the program, would not have suffered by being generously cut. While I admired her Philadelphia accent, I was pretty well worn out by the time she and her four children left the party. Maybe I'm just not used to children.

"The Three Breakfasts" was a brittle and brilliant satire on married life in which lumpy oatmeal and egg on a necktie were the perennial factors which tied together the honeymoon period, the period 15 years later when disenchantment had set in and they were amusing themselves with extra-marital affairs, and, finally, old age, wherein time had distilled a gracious phantasma across the years and "all is well." Her penetrating commentary, as evidenced in this sketch, was so true it was almost frightening.

Miss Draper's comedy has pathos in it. The Priestess, in "A Class in Greek Poise," was as ridiculous as Miss Draper meant her to be, but her very inability to express herself was more pathetic than funny.

Miss Draper gave us "An English Woman Showing Her Garden" in addition to the sketches listed on the program. I found this most

amusing, perhaps because of the exaggerated "county" accent which always fascinates me. The audience, as a whole, didn't seem to share my opinion, however.

The well-known "At a Church in Italy" sketches replaced the "Western Railway Station," Miss Draper explaining that she thought it a happier choice for a Carmel audience. It certainly demonstrated her ability to project foreign characters. It was after 11 o'clock when Miss Draper took her final curtain, and I rather think that if she ever mumbles furiously under her breath she was mumbling furiously under her breath right then, because she never, never, never, had to appear before such a terrific audience before.

—MARJORIE WARREN

+++

Store Customers To Cast Votes on Parking Limit

Those who use the Carmel stores and shops are to be asked by the Carmel Business Association what their preferences are in regard to parking limits in the business section; that is, on Ocean avenue between Monte Verde and Mission streets, and on Dolores between Ocean avenue and Seventh street.

At the association's meeting on Tuesday night, Jack Schroeder, chairman of the committee investigating the matter, reported that a survey of merchants appeared to favor a one-hour parking limit. Now the customers are to be asked about it, postal cards so querying them to be sent out to all voters in Carmel, Hatton Fields, Carmel Woods and Carmel Point. On receipt of the answers the association will frame a request to the city council for a resolution setting a parking-limit time.

Schroeder also reported that the committee's investigation of available parking lots within a block off Ocean avenue had resulted in discovery of space for between 40 and 50 cars. It is expected that a monthly rate of \$1 can be obtained from the owners of the property.

+++

The Humboldt Ski Club has just inaugurated its new ski lift at the Enquist Lodge on Grouse Mountain, reports the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club.

Draper Fascinated By Our Natural Beauty, Anyway

When Ruth Draper was fulfilling her San Francisco engagement, Mrs. W. W. Crocker of Burlingame suggested that she stay with her mother, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, at Pebble Beach while she was on the Monterey Peninsula. Mrs. Crocker motored her down Sunday afternoon. Miss Draper, who thinks this is the most beautiful place in the world, spent most of Monday wandering around Point Lobos by herself.

Mrs. Wheeler did no entertaining for her as Miss Draper wanted to use the time here for resting. Mrs. Crocker drove her to San Jose Tuesday and to Sacramento Wednesday, which helped enormously, as Miss Draper finds these one-night stands combined with train travel most tiring.

Alexander Tiers, new owner of the Boronda Adobe in Monterey, was one of her visitors backstage Monday night and it was he who sent the beautiful white orchids. Twenty-two years ago Miss Draper gave a performance in his mother's house. Tiers was only a lad then. Miss Draper was most interested in looking backward across the years with him.

She was interested in everything in Carmel and was particularly interested in Sunset Auditorium although the gap between the front row seats and the stage bothered her quite a bit. She would have liked to have had it filled in with chairs.

Everyone's asking who did the calla lilies that graced either side of the stage. Lee Tevis (Mrs. Lloyd Tevis to you). And the lilies came down from Peter Pan Lodge from Mrs. Caroline Pickit. And Mollie O'Shea, who happened in at the psychological moment to get a chair, helped Lee with them. And Colden and Kit Whitman spent all Sunday picking the pussywillows which were not used.

AGNETE JOHANSEN, PIANIST AND MONOLOGIST, APPEARS AT WOMAN'S CLUB MAR 4

Agnete Johansen, young and talented pianist and monologist of Alameda, will be presented at the March meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club at Pine Inn Monday, Mar. 4, at 2:30 p.m.

Miss Johansen, who has been giving a series of her programs around the Bay Area this winter and will appear at the Oakland Forum next month, studied piano with the famous Dutch teacher, Egon Petrie, in San Francisco. She also studied drama under Katharine Cornell. The four sketches which she will present here were especially written for her by Frederick Braue, San Francisco writer.

Tea will be served following the meeting.

+++

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GREYHOUND

Personalities & Personals

Eric Coster is off to San Francisco.

James O. Greenan left for the south Tuesday and may possibly go on into Arizona for a while before returning to Carmel. He's been on an enforced leave of absence from business since before the holidays, due to illness, but will be back in harness again very soon now. William Donaldson, his consulting engineer, came down from Reno Sunday to confer with Jim on business matters.

Old friends from the Malay States visited Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Greenan last Friday. They were Mr. and Mrs. Mungo Park. Park is a mining engineer at Tualalumpur in Selango.

Mrs. William H. Orrick of Pebble Beach is having a houseparty. Her guests are Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mrs. Spencer Grant, Mrs. Dean Winter, Mrs. Edward Otis Bartlett and Mrs. Frederick McNear, all of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Bogue, socially prominent New Yorkers, are honeymooning at Del Monte Lodge. They will go over to the Cypress Point Club for a few days before they leave. Bogue is vice-president of the U.S. Golf Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ayres of London, and their four children, here for the duration of the war, are nicely settled in the Riley house at Pebble Beach. Ayres has a play running in London which opened the day after he sailed for this country. He is also an accomplished musician.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Studley Myers of Washington, D.C., have taken the Jarvis house at Pebble Beach for a year. Both the Myers are writers, his name appearing frequently in national publications. He is also something of a photographer.

Mrs. Martin Jonas Peterson arranged a tea and musicale at her Hutton Fields home Sunday afternoon in order that a few of her friends might hear 12-year-old Robert Ball sing. The boy, with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. George Ball of San Francisco, came down with Ronald Telfer. He is one of Telfer's students in dramatics as well as studying voice with Carlton Peters. Mrs. W. B. Williams accompanied the young singer on the piano, and the entertainment was rounded out by Hal Garrett, who played some of his own compositions, and by Telfer, who read some things from the short stories of Arthur Kober.

Guests at the affair were Ronald Telfer, Mr. and Mrs. George Ball and their son Robert, Mr. and Mrs.

Hal Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell, Commander and Mrs. Earle W. Jukes, Captain and Mrs. Shelburn Robison, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Williams, Miss Marian Kingland, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dixon, Mrs. Clay Otto, Miss Mabel Bergerson, Miss Berthe von Kleinschmidt, Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown and Mrs. Anna Girard.

Helen Lightner Dean of the Cinderella Shop had a splurge in San Francisco over the week-end and reports that the shops are all doing their utmost to create the desired feeling concerning Americanism which Vogue brought out recently, meaning thankfulness that we're not at war, and joyousness because we don't need to dress for black-outs and air-raids. All windows are showing clothes in red, white and blue. It's all very gay.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Wilds, of Kennilworth, Illinois, are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Potter. Wilds is president of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Down in Taos, New Mexico, Tony Luhan, Indian husband of Mabel Dodge Luhan, is preparing to leave for New York where he will visit his wife at her apartment on lower Fifth Avenue and attend several of her "Friday evenings" which Mrs. Luhan has been holding ever since her arrival and which she will continue to hold until she leaves for Taos in March. Tony is slated for a conference with John Collier, commissioner of Indian Affairs, in Washington.

Alvin Beller, Carmel artist, is back again after being away two and a half years. During that time he's been painting continuously, his work appearing regularly at the Carmel Art Gallery shows. He has also developed his hobby of taking moving pictures in color to the point where people beg him to show them. He has about 6000 feet of film taken on the Gaspé Peninsula, Gloucester, Mass., New Orleans, the Southwest Indian country and Mexico. He has promised to show them at the Carmel Art Gallery

late in March. It will be a "members only" affair, and it will include a group show of this young artist's pastels at the same time.

Beller is staying in Carmel with his mother, Mrs. Clara Louise Beller. He is up in Yosemite this week-end, probably adding more footage of film to his rather remarkable collection.

Mrs. John E. Abernethy, Carmel Woman's Club president, has gone into a huddle with her committee and they will make it a St. Patrick's Tea when Agnete Johansen comes to the meeting at Pine Inn March 4. Already Mrs. Abernethy is laying plans for the final meeting of the season, to be held in May. It will be a Spanish-Mexican day, and everyone is to come in costume.

Winners at the Monday night bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club were Mrs. Esther Hitchcock and W. E. MacDonald of Salinas. Second up were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nuck of Del Monte. Mrs. Henry Leppert of Monterey and L. E. Peirce of Salinas came in third. We don't know what happened to the Carmel players.

Mrs. Peter Rice gave a silver shower last night at her home in Pebble Beach for Miss Theodora Gross, whose marriage to Robert Edgren will take place next month. Many of her friends who were unable to go to the party last night sent gifts, a few more were undoubtedly heard from after this was written, but at present writing here are the names: Miss Alice Putnam, Mrs. Lester Dewar, Mrs. Peter Elliott, Jr., Mrs. Louis Vidor, Miss Marja Lee Davis, Mrs. Cecile Hampton, Miss Betty Work, Miss Ivy Van Cott and Mrs. Helene Vye of Carmel; Miss Elenore Morehead, Mrs. R. J. Merritt, Mrs. Robert McKeever, Mrs. Olive Reynolds and Mrs. Blanche Keeley of Monterey; Mrs. Jennibel McPhail, Mrs. Lorraine Williams and Miss Pat McMahon of Pacific Grove; Mrs. Helen M. Edgren, Teedie's mother-in-law-to-be, and Eleanore Krough of San Jose, Teedie's cousin. Ice cream, moulded in

the form of a huge wedding cake, was cut by the bride-elect, who received some very elegant gifts.

Another party for Teedie will take place a week from today at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. It will be a luncheon party, and the group of women responsible for most of the activity around the country club, are planning on making this one of the outstanding affairs of the season.

Ruth Nelson, in response to an urgent call from Carmel, came up from San Luis Obispo Wednesday night and is spending a few days with Loa Lloyd.

S. F. B. Morse, who never does things except in a big way, wired top-notch feminine golf stars, now competing in Florida tournaments, to fly west to Del Monte and fa-

miliarize themselves with the course before the annual Pebble Beach Women's championship gets under way March 14. Those invited to play are Patty Berg, former national champion; Betty Jameson, current title-holder; Clara Callender, now of Long Beach but formerly of Pacific Grove; Mrs. Estelle Lawton Page, Shirley Ann Johnson and Elizabeth Hicks.



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More Personals

Mrs. Marie Hanke entertained at Del Monte Lodge Monday, invited a number of her friends for luncheon with bridge in the Indian Room afterwards. Her guests: Mrs. Charles Van Riper, Mrs. Frederick Calkins, Mrs. Molly Burritt, Miss Jane Burritt, Miss Jane Ordway, Mrs. C. J. Lang, Mrs. Carl Stanley, Mrs. Henry Wehrhane, Mrs. Hugh Dormody, Mrs. Howard Monroe, Mrs. Herman Crossman, Mrs. Ethel P. Young and Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke.

Loa Lloyd returned in time for her Finn Frolich class at Carmel Art Institute Monday after a week-end spent in the snow at Norden.

Seen in town early Wednesday morning was John Upton Terrell of the Chronicle.

At the Mission Ranch Club on Wednesday was Jeanne Plural Jacques, who pirouettes in the Persian Room of the Hotel Sir Francis Drake.

Miss Clara Kellogg, member of the city council, slipped and fell at the curb in front of the post office Wednesday of this week and will be confined to her home for a few days with a sprained ankle.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO HEAR ABOUT NAVAJOS

Mrs. Evelyn Browne Bancroft, Pacific District secretary of the Presbyterian National Board of Missions, who has just recently returned from the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona where she lived for a while, will relate her experiences next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at All Saints' parish house. Interesting anecdotes of the shepherds, medicine men and the career of the noted Chief Many Goats will add considerable to our scant knowledge of the American Indian.

The meeting is open to the public and tea will be served afterwards.

Those interested in rolling bandages should arrive at the Parish House at 10:30 a.m. with a box luncheon. Coffee will be made at noon.

If it is necessary to walk on a highway where no sidewalks or pedestrian paths are provided, the public safety department of the National Automobile Club urges that the pedestrian walk on the left side of the highway facing oncoming traffic and wear or carry something white.

OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

The pig hunt up at San Clemente dam wasn't such a big success due to bad weather. Drury Saunders blames it on rain and the noise that S. F. B. Morse's (Jr.) 25 guests made when they started out at 2:30 from Del Monte Guest ranch. They came back at 1:30 the next afternoon without even seeing a sign of a pig. Drury had to borrow extra horses from Frank De amara for the mighty hunters. Among those who spent the night and early morning roaming the cold wet hills were S. F. B. Morse, Jr., Billy Hudson, Woody Malone, Al. J. Ward, H. D. Van Sickland, Peter Lewis, the former polo player, J. B. Watson, and Al Folger.

Sonny Roberts finally finished splitting that oak stump that has been an eyesore in his front yard for over a year. It took him three days to do the job and he figures on three weeks for recuperating, but the stump is gone.

Richard Hapgood and Lawrence Berta are holding down the Rancho Carmelo while K. D. and Mrs. Mathiot are away on their Mexican trip. Lawrence is a local boy but Hapgood was formerly foreman of the Seven X Ranch at Cambria Pines, and the Malibu at Santa Monica. Their present duties include being nurse maids to Sparky, the Christmas colt that arrived at the Mathiot place. Sparky evidently dislocated a hip and is taking it plenty easy and if the care that Hapgood and Berta are giving him doesn't do the work nothing can. He's getting a lot of attention from visitors, too.

Mark Wilmot has his double deck garage almost finished and plans to start his house as soon as weather permits. They've been living in the top deck of the garage and have fixed it mighty comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Thompson, Mrs. Adam Thompson, and granddaughter Judy called last Sunday on the Harry Frys to admire the new roof on the wishing well and then try the new bridge over Harry's private creek. The old bridge almost gave way a couple of weeks ago and Tibs got busy getting a sturdy new rustic-green one put up.

A stag dinner on Valentine's day livened up the Lodge at Robles Del Rio when 15 officers from Camp Ord held their '31 West Point class reunion there. Two of the officers, Lieuts. Smith and Peyton, were classmates of Bill Wood in high school in Oakland. The party included Lieuts. McAleer, McBride, Pratt, Peyton, Malloy, Dudley, Harrison, Berry, Kreuger, Cheal, Smith, Cardall, Elegar, Veal, Willis and Hoy.

Smith and Peyton had to admit that there was something different about holding a stag party on Valentine's day in Leap Year at such a remote and safe place as the Lodge, far from the madding throng of feminine wiles.

The Four H Club met last week at the Farm Center for election of local officers. Chairman will be J. W. Lovett; vice-chairman, Gean Hernandez, and secretary, Marian Henderson. Girls' leader for the coming year, appointed by Mrs. George Koch, will be Lydia Mason of Burwick Orchards. Lydia has arranged to use the little green cabin in front of the Burwick place as a temporary meeting house for the girls' section, while the boys will meet under the leadership of Jimmie Wolter at the Farm Center. The girls' section needs a special meeting place because of their sewing and cooking activities.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barnes held a branding and barbecue party last Sunday on the property he rents across the road from the Vanderbilt Phelps place. While they got a lot of branding and dehorning done (Henry brought in about 50 head to be taken care of), they didn't miss any fun. Daisy Jean Vasques did some very fancy riding for a 13-year-old cow-girl, and Joe Algrava is still nursing a sore thumb from over-roping. Neighbors who came to help with the work, and to enjoy the barbecued beef with trimmings, were Mr. and Mrs. Pete Girard, Dorothy and Leo Vasques and daughter Daisy Jean, Pat and Dan De Rose, Pat Berta, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Algrava, Gene Eblen and Leland Strohm. Joe wore his extra elegant new boots worth a king's ransom, and a present from his highly esteemed boss, Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps.

—ELSBETH FREELSON

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT CLASS FORMED IN ADULT SCHOOL

Flower arrangement is to be studied by a new class to meet the first time on Thursday, Feb. 29, at 7 p.m. in the lunch room at Sunset School. Mrs. Helen C. Poulsen will be the instructor.

Flat and floating flower arrangements will be the subject of study for the first session of the series. As the group is planned as a working group, each student is asked to bring some kind of a container, some flowers and some leaves to the class. Even one flower, a saucer and a weed, will assist the student in fixing the principles discussed and promote the work of the class. The class is open to all adults without charge.

Are You Registered? You have until February 29.

SPUD'S INFORMATION SERVICE

Ticket Bureau

March 4

San Carlo Opera Civic Auditorium, San Jose
Hiri Koyke in "Madame Butterfly"

March 9

A reading by Mrs. Butterfield at Pine Inn
"Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs"

March 15, 16, 17

Denny-Watrous presents "Streets of New York" First Theater, Monterey

March 30

Denny-Watrous presents "Yale Puppeteers" Sunset Auditorium

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BEWARE OF SPOOKS

Sun, Mon, Tues • Feb. 25, 26, 27

Don Ameche, Al Jolson
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Swanee River

Wed, Thurs • Feb. 28, 29

Paul Muni

We Are Not
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Ann Sothern, William Gargan
JOE AND ETHEL TURP
CALL ON PRESIDENT

Our Fire Chief Talks About the Menace Of "Those Careless Neighbors"

While, according to the report of Fire Chief Robert G. Leidig, fires in Carmel during the year 1939 caused an actual loss of \$410,10, which is small enough, goodness knows, for any community, the chief points out in an interview with THE CYNMAT that these fires involved property to a total value of \$35,800, and created conditions which endangered the lives of citizens.

He blames the fire hazard in Carmel on "those careless neighbors."

He says:

"Those careless neighbors are guilty of violating numerous fire safety precautions. They are careless in their smoking habits, neglectful of ridding their premises of old papers, boxes, broken furniture, rubbish and discarded junk; fail to teach their children the dangers of playing with matches and electrical appliances; dump hot ashes in dry grass and brush; careless in leaving their bonfires unguarded; continue the use of gasoline in the home for cleaning purposes.

"Are those careless neighbors a menace to the community? Fire records are proof that they are so long as they continue their thoughtless, careless and neglectful habits. Regardless of how careful you may be you are still exposed to the danger of fire started by those careless neighbors.

"The heart and soul of the fire problem in every community is the conflagration hazard. Every out-of-control fire is a potential conflagration. Carmel presents favorable conflagration conditions. Here are hundreds of frame buildings, contents of combustible materials,

wooden shingle roofs, all set in a forest of pines with prevailing winds out of the west.

"Carelessness and neglect caused a national fire loss of more than two hundred millions of dollars last year and since it is generally accepted that the operating cost of fire departments in the United States is equal to the total fire loss, we see the tremendous cost of maintaining fire fighting forces large enough to cope with the ever-present possibility of a conflagration.

"As far as mere population goes we don't need anything like the number of firemen and equipment on duty every day. They aren't necessary for the fires we have every day, but they are necessary for the fires we may have any minute, or, to put it more accurately, to fight a repetition of the fires that have occurred in the past.

"The conflagration is an ever-present danger. Ask the residents of Berkeley, Atlanta, Astoria, Ore., Boston, Chicago, Houston, New Orleans, Jacksonville and any of the hundreds of other cities that have had conflagrations and they will tell you it is a very real thing. Eighty city blocks levelled here, over a square mile of territory there, ten million dollars of homes destroyed in this city, 18,000 buildings in another. The lifetime saving and labor of hard-working people wiped out in two or three hours of fire.

"What has this to do with fire in your home? Everything, eventually. For the blaze started by 'those careless neighbors' may be only the first link in a long chain of disaster.

"And it can happen in Carmel!"

spite of this, all left in happy spirits.

—MARIE ELIZALDE

BASKETBALL

The Carmel Junior High School basketball team went to Gonzales Monday, Feb. 19. They came back defeated with the score 49 to 15.

The Carmel team consisted of Harold Albright, Irving Williams, Donald Staniford, Donald Haskins, and Kenneth Jones. Coach Arthur C. Hull, and Clifford O. Squier accompanied the boys.

The Gonzales boys were considerably older than the Carmel players, being mostly ninth or tenth graders.

—AVALINE QUINN

SPEEDBALL

February 19 the seventh and eighth grade girls played their first intramural speedball game. Although the seventh grade had some good guards the eighth grade swept right through the end lines to win 10 to 0.

The eighth grade captain was Vivian Ohm. Mary Jane Reel ably captained the seventh grade team.

—CYNTHIA KLEIN



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GRIMES & RUHL

CARMEL SCHOOL NEWS

Editor for The Cynmat, Avaline Quinn

Assistants

Marie Elizalde • Norwen Kelsey
Tony Van Riper • Cynthia Klein

VALENTINE DANCE

The Valentine Dance given at Carmel Junior High February 16 was a wonderful success with more than 100 students from Carmel Junior High and Monterey High school attending.

The dance started off with Avey Quinn and her partner leading the grand march.

The entertainment was received with much applause and the contrast between the 1840 Waltz, done by a group of Junior High and High school students, and a jitterbug number was striking. A gypsy dance was also done during the intermission. An unexpected addition to the entertainment, a piano solo, was presented by John Elizalde who played "In the Mood" and other numbers.

George Smith was on the spot with his little "birdie" to take pictures of all the dancers.

The refreshments were delicious—cookies and grape punch to quench the thirst of many an enthusiastic dancer.

All the girls turned out in their prettiest formal, but some of the boys—OH my! Bradley Quinn was in a tuxedo, but very unlike him was Hal Dashback in a red and green plaid shirt, a pair of green slacks, and a green sport coat with little touches of orange in it. But despite a few odd and dazling

ensembles the rest of the group was more conventional.

The chaperones were Mrs. Webster Street, Mrs. C. Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gosler, O. W. Bardarson, Mrs. Frances Cottle Johnson, Mrs. Phyllis Heath Walker, Mrs. Glenn Watson and Miss Adele Osborne.

The dance ended at midnight with everybody's feet kind of tired, but in

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JIM COOKE TALKS ON STAMPS

The stamp collectors of the Monterey Peninsula will be happy to learn that several collectors have offered to pass on to the Cymbal readers bits of news taken from their domestic and foreign correspondence when it contains in-

teresting stamp news.

Letters from London are coming through in large numbers bearing labels reading:—"HELP PAY FOR THE WAR. Every unused British Colonial postage stamp purchased and retained by collectors is a direct contribution to the revenue of the country in reduction of the cost of War. It is a Government security upon which no interest is payable and which the Government will not be called upon to redeem. Therefore Collect Stamps!" (The labels are supplied by the Trader's Society at two shilling per gross).

The above reads well and is a grand thing, but it gets offset a bit when we read that Eric Adlem writes from London, about stamps.

"Speaking of London's Stamp Market, that is, that area that embraces the Strand, you might be interested to know what the stamp windows contain. Impressive displays of the former Austrian and Czechoslovakian issues adorn many windows and prices are showing increases in a number of cases. I saw a window filled with the

stamps of these countries and prospective buyers crowding around. Hitler commemoratives are also prominently featured, especially the Birthday and Labor Celebrations designs, the Birthday stamps are selling for 16 cents and the Labors for 8 cents, both in used condition. The British Colonial Jubilee issues are a scarcity, very few are on display and prices are up at least 25 per cent."

That very famous General of Finland, Field Marshal von Mannerheim, is pictured on a 1937 stamp of Finland, issued to commemorate his 70th birthday. The first postage stamp of Finland was issued under Russian dominion, as a duchy, the stamp showing the coat of arms in an oval shape. Ducal issues were used until 1911 when the last appeared. Half a dozen years later the Helsingfors (Helsinki) stamps appeared marking the creation of the Finnish republic. The lion of the old coat of arms was used for the design, repeated in the Vasa of 1918 issue of Finland's stamps. The first pictorial issue for this Baltic country appeared in 1929 and showing scenes in Abo, the cathedral, a ship, and the Abo castle. In celebrating the national epic, in 1927 appeared a series of stamps honoring the "Kalevala." Finland's first semi-postal stamps appeared in 1922, and those which follow are picturesque. The first airmail issue, a zeppelin issue, came in 1930.

Sidney Barrett speaking over the radio had the following to say about stamp collecting (which many Carmel collectors might have missed): "Why do kings, noblemen, presidents, statesmen, financiers, men of science, of the medical, military, technical engineering, legal and teaching professions choose stamps as a hobby?"

"What individual, regardless of sex or age, does not enjoy or unconsciously like to play 'Sherlock Holmes,' prying and digging into mysteries in the hope of unearthing a plot or some clue of real value, that will either benefit him or the world in general? What art lover can resist admiring the wonderful, minute portraits, engravings, landscapes, historical paintings, ancient and modern designs, delicate scrollwork, architecture, and engineering, new and old means of transportation, etc? All of these questions and many more are answered by the collecting of postage stamps."

"We read the news of the world in postage stamps, changes of administrations in various countries, political upheavals, revolutions, wars, and epic flights. We see famous personages and national heroes. In school, we received our elementary lessons in geography and history, but how soon they were forgotten! Our knowledge in this respect soon leaves unless we make an effort to keep abreast, read up and study old, as well as current events, and all this can be done unconsciously while collecting postage stamps."

"The world goes on, and we, the individuals are judged according to what we know. Isn't it rather embarrassing when involved in a conversation on world affairs and its politics not to be able to cope with the subject and inwardly feel the humiliation of ignorance? But, Stamps and their Study solve All These Problems and Many More. Besides, looking at stamps is like reading a story; it's fascinating, reveals history and is most pleasing work. Those lonely hours when you don't know what to do with yourself, will soon turn into moments eagerly looked forward to."

To those interested in meeting other stamp collectors, we have on the Peninsula a stamp club, that meets the first and third Friday of each month, at the Chamber of Commerce Building in Pacific Grove, at Forest and Grove streets, at 8 p.m.

52 whiffs of the flavor and tang of Carmel—a subscription to The Cymbal is One Dollar a year.



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Just In Case You Want to Know

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unshamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 3,000 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 435 acres and have 1602 dwellings. We tolerate 176 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1000 humans. Dogs 187. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 400 humans. Dogs 88.

That gives us about 4,400 human beings and 1,572 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are: Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Herbert Heron. Commissioner of Police and Lights—Everett Smith. Commissioner of Streets—Clare Kellogg. Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree. Commissioner of Health and Safety—Hazel Watrous.

SCHOOL MENU

Feb. 26-March 1
Monday: Cream of mushroom soup, Hawaiian salad, tamale pie, peas, ice cream.
Tuesday: Alphabet soup, cherry gelatin salad, macaroni and cheese, carrots, cream puffs.
Wednesday: Vegetable soup, peach and raisin salad, Boston baked beans, artichokes, ice cream.
Thursday: Cream of spinach soup, blushing pear salad, hot dogs, corn, fruit cup.
Friday: Cream of tomato soup, asparagus salad, sweet potatoes, spinach, ice cream.

Are You Registered? You have until February 29.

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

WALKER TRACT HOME—Brand new, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage. Large patio, sunny, oaks, close in. Lot 60 x 130 ft. fenced. Price \$8700 on FHA terms. Ready now for occupancy. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave.** (8)

SANTA LUCIA LOT—60 x 100 ft. with wonderful views of mountains, water and valley. All wires underground. New homes all around. \$1550 on low monthly terms. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave.** (8)

40—FOR RENT OR LEASE

FOUR BEDROOM home with personality, available May 1st. Owner going east. Telephone Carmel 1586 for appointment. Will lease for a year at \$75 per month. (10)

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

GUEST HOUSE. Floor furnace. Automatic hot water heater. Tel. Cordelia Gilman, Carmel 255-W. (9)

FOR RENT. 2-bedroom home, one and a half bath. Service porch. Nicely furnished. Good residential district near beach. Ocean view. \$50 a month yearly lease. **CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.,** Near P.O., Ocean Ave., Tel. 63. (8)

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THREE ROOM COTTAGE. Vista and Junipero. Tel. 1215-W. (tf)

8—APARTMENTS FOR RENT

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29—JOBS WANTED

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24—LOST AND FOUND

LOST by someone, found by Helene Landry, a black, male, Scottie dog with white paws. She's keeping him until his owner turns up. See her at Fortier's Drug Store. (8)

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ADS
DO MUCH... COST LITTLE

Ameche, Andrea Leeds, Jolson Appear Sunday in "Swanee River" at Carmel



DON AMECHE, ANDREA LEEDS and AL JOLSON in "Swanee River" coming Sunday to the Carmel Theatre.

Sonja Henie in "Everything Happens at Night" is the good fare at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow with the usual Saturday matinee. With Sonja is Ray Milland and Robert Cummings. It's a striking picture laid in the Alps with an interesting political refugee angle and a couple of newspapermen, one from New York, the other from London, wooing her on the side. Thrills and excitement, romance and mystery are dished up in one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. Good, clean fun.

"Swanee River" in technicolor is the latest Darryl Zanuck production to hit this town and it will be here Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, February 25, 26 and 27, featuring Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds and Al Jolson. It is the story of

Stephen C. Foster, great American troubadour, who set the very heart of America to music. He lived during one of the most colorful and romantic periods in American history, the days of minstrels and river boats. "The Old Folks at Home," "Oh, Susanna," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and countless others were struttled by colored minstrels, tooted by river boats, hummed by gay ladies and sung by lovers. He wrote them out of the bitterness and sweetness of one of the greatest romances in our history. This picture takes its place in the library of "The Story of America" which Darryl Zanuck and Twentieth Century Fox have been so ably portraying during the last few years.

MRS. MILLIS, MARJORY LLOYD TO TALK AT DEMOCRATIC WOMEN'S MEETING

Vera Fick Millis and Marjory Lloyd are the speakers for the evening meeting of the Carmel Women's Democratic Club to be held at Sunset School library at 8 o'clock Friday, Mar. 1. Mrs. Millis will talk on "The United States Monetary Policy" and Mrs. Lloyd will review an article on "Is There a Deficit?"

This evening meeting was particularly arranged to accommodate business women and mothers with young children who are not able to attend the afternoon sessions.

For One Dollar The Cymbal will go to you anywhere in the United States, its territories or possessions.

PHYSICAL ED. CLASS WILL TAKE UP FOLK DANCING

Varying its plan of calisthenics and games somewhat, Mrs. Ann B. Uzzell's physical education class at Sunset Gym Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:15 has started some work in folk dancing. This type of dancing has recently become very popular. It offers good exercise and fine training in poise and rhythm. The class is open to all women.

Travel conditions remain good from Oroville via the Feather River Highway, State Route 24, with paved surface throughout to Keddie Junction, reports the California State Automobile Association. From the junction oiled road follows to Quincy.

Danielle Darrieux at Playhouse Now in Naughty "Mademoiselle Ma Mere"

As Danielle Darrieux set a mark for loveliness in "Mayflower," so does she for scatter-brained boydenism in "Mlle. Ma Mere" which is at the Playhouse this week-end. Light, flippant and more than a little naughty, the petite Parisienne skips joyously through her madcap assignment as though she had never heard of tragedy.

The thrilling yet laugh-punctuated British pre-war sabotage film, "Clouds Over Europe," opens on Tuesday. Its British principals are becoming almost as well known to Playhouse patrons as our own domestic film favorites. Laurence Olivier is doubtless best known to us for his work in "Wuthering Heights"; Ralph Richardson was

seen in "South Riding" and "Four Feathers"; Valerie Hobson recently gave a delightful performance in "This Man Is News."

On Thursday "The Great Garrick" will open a three-day run with Brian Aherne and Olivia De Havilland as its leading players. This comedy is based on the life and times of the great English actor of the eighteenth century, David Garrick. When, on the eve of a journey to France, Garrick is reported to have said that he proposed to "teach the French to act," the actors of the Comedie Francaise determine to "frame him." The film is neither accurate history nor biography, but just sheer fun.

Rhoda Is Buried In "Streets of N.Y." Costumes

Since the first days of The Theater of the Golden Bough, Rhoda Johnson has been Carmel's authority on costumes—designing and executing hundreds of them. Right now her clever hands are fashioning 15 costumes for "The Streets of New York" which will be produced by the Troupers of the Gold Coast under the Denny Watrous management in California's First Theater, Monterey, March 15, 16, 17.

Rhoda Johnson has costumed whole choruses, did all of the costumes for "Little Women," "Green Grow the Lilacs," and just recently "A Doll's House" in the First Theater.

If one of the Troupers wants to know how to dress his hair, how to improve his make-up, where he can find a hat or a bit of color or what to do about anything, the answer is, "Ask Rhoda," for "Rhoda knows." Indeed, what Rhoda and Dick have meant to the Peninsula in play pro-

duction would fill a book, and right now the yards and yards of ruffles, flounces, ribbons and curls, jets, spangles and sealisks that are going into "The Streets of New York" all have their origin in Rhoda's fruitful brain.

The annual Sacramento Camellia Show will be held March 9 and 10 in McKinley Park Garden Center, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. Prizes will be awarded for arrangement, variety of blooms exhibited by an individual, and perfection of flowers.

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